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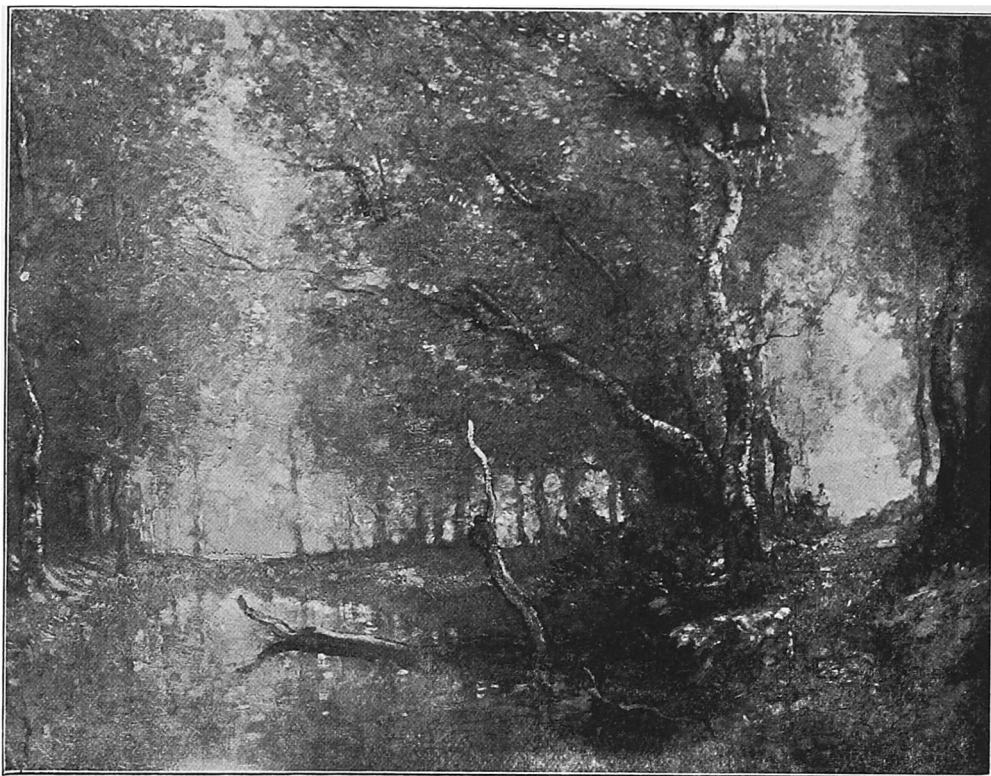
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"The Mill Pond," by Henry W. Ranger

THE EVANS COLLECTION

by D. C. P.

HERE are paintings that invest the galleries in which they are hung with a singularly penetrating atmosphere of dreamy color and of tender harmony of tone. Here and there a louder note is struck, but it is immediately subdued by the general romantic mistiness. At a time when in public exhibitions we see so much mere trickery of the brush, and frantic extravagance masquerading as art, it is a delight to come into the presence of artistic intelligence so wide, so sympathetic, and so just in its comprehension of the eternal beauty and poetry of nature.

Such is the artistry of the Evans paintings on view at the National Arts Club. They declare the personal note of the collector—a love for tonality, for

color harmony, for chromatic music. They declare his attitude of sincerity, devotion to his ideals, and disdain of the fantastic fashions of the day. Each one of these paintings proves how far we have grown away from the soulless school of native landscape painters of a score of years ago. Then painful detail and superficial effect prevailed, but here is the feeling and the suggestiveness of nature.

And another impression we receive at once is the personal note of the painters whose work is shown. Mere painting, however dexterous, does not constitute art, nor does the ability to imitate another painter constitute an artist. With but a very few exceptions each one of the seventy paintings shown here bears a master's cachet of individual power, of personal

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interpretation—not the experimental pilfering of weak intellects, but the creation of vigorous and original talent.

And how these canvases thrill the eye and stir the blood!—because they themselves are infused with the vital fluid of reality and genuine power.

Why describe each one of these canvases—the story would only be manifolded that American art *can* produce and *has* produced as great, as powerful landscapes as ever were painted. That must suffice.

Yet, I must linger before some canvases that especially attract.

We all know Horatio Walker's strength of brush, his sonorously breathing oxen, his figures palpitating with wondrous life—a transcription of realism that is sculptural. But Walker's hand can be very tender, as this sheep picture shows, with the fold bathed in moonlight and the nightingale singing its midnight song.

The landscapes of Murphy always exercise on me the same influence as does a day in the country, when I smell the fresh earth, and the breezes of field and forest drive the city smoke out of my lungs. Has Murphy ever painted any-

thing better than these three canvases?

Three pictures by Minor hold me. Always of a poetic and tender sentiment, with a profound feeling for color, he here excels himself. These canvases have in them the qualities of luminosity, depth of tone and ripeness and vitality of color that carry the beholder out of the domain of commonplace. He takes one to the days when Marilhat painted from his palette of gold, and when Rousseau and Diaz, Dupré and Decamps were at their best. In his "Eventide" the fading glory of the sky sends a penetrating warmth and mellowness through the landscape, harmonizing it into an idyl of restfulness and peace.

As to C. H. Davis—how he has advanced! Along an ever widening path he has gone on to facility of expression and breadth of ideas. The charms of twilight still seduce him but he renders them with a freer and more assured hand. And in his "Summer" here, with its undulating countryside, he has given us a skyscape such as rarely has been put on canvas.

And the Rangers—

Once upon a time—so I believe all the fairy tales begin, in art as in the more material subjects of such stories—there was a man of profound knowledge and individual inventiveness who was so enamored with Dutch and Barbizon subjects that he cast his own talent to the winds and like a wilful child followed in such close imitation of those who had become fetiches to him, that those who knew the power of the man became antipathetic and regretted the waste of individual resources.

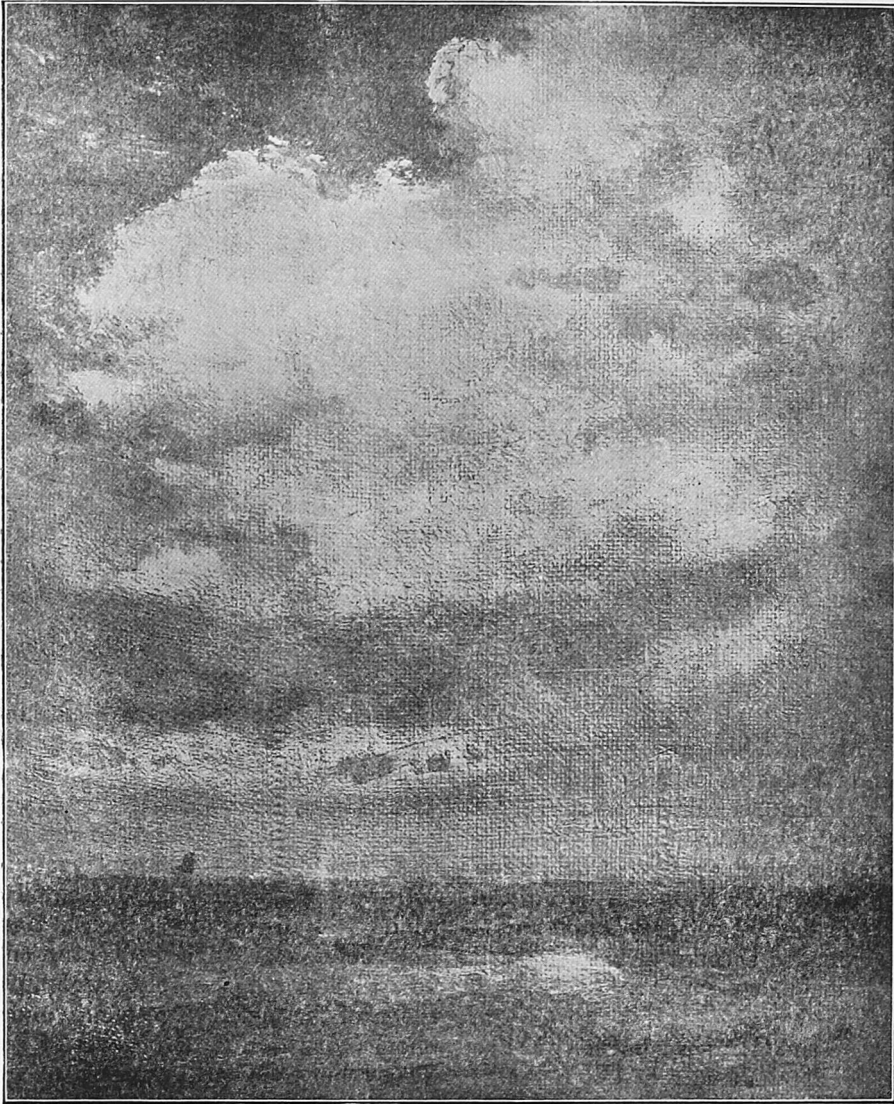
And your humble servant jolted him—and oh, how furious he was! But that is an old story.

Of course the jolt had nothing to do with the case. Nevertheless, it must be said that the Ranger we know today is a far different man from the Ranger of ten years ago. Now we have a master among us who stands firmly on his own method, his own inspiration, his own conception, his own genius. I was asked



"The Reflection," by Benjamin R. Fitz

The Evans Collection



"The Spouting Whale," by George Inness

a few days ago to name the six best living American landscape painters of today, and unhesitatingly I named Ranger among them, the others being: Tryon, Dewey, Murphy, C. H. Davis and Horatio Walker. His paintings always had the germ of his present brilliancy. Now we also gladly hail him a great and energetic and original talent, whose magnetic personality and example has set many a youngster in the right road and whose influence is altogether good.

One of the greatest paintings of all times is the Winslow Homer "High Cliff, Coast of Maine." A colossal breaker of the creamy foam and the intense translucent sheen is combing over to pound down upon the iron shore—a rock like a mosaic, a wave like a diamond crest.

Blakelock—neglected by a public which did not understand him, unnoticed by critics which dared not have an idea of their own—poor, burdened, depressed, and often desperate, this man of ideas

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has at last come into his fame. He absorbed his art from that mysterious source which no man may fathom, from that eternal vacancy of space in which the mildest winds make splendid music, and the shrillest throated birds create immortal melodies—but, alas, today this poet, living, sleeps.

Away from frivolities of mere technicians, foreign bred and imitative only of the great men gone before them—things dashed off to-day to be forgotten tomorrow, and as shallow of thought as the empty brain pans of their producers—we

see here the dreams of masters, and with retrospective eyes are marshaled to our vision a score and more of men whose genius towers over the puerile conceptions of many a foreign but well-advertised name.

I must not continue. Would you not wish to go with me to Wentworth Manor, Montclair, over in Jersey, to see that magnificent collection of which these seventy canvases are only a part? Mr. Evans has honored the National Arts Club with this vision of the poetic and romantic side of American art.

Foreign Notes

The Season of Sales has just opened in Europe and the reports will commence in the January number. In Paris the collection of Sergevon Derwies was sold at Pettit's and the sale of the Koenigswerther collection took place in Berlin.

A neat booklet has been received from the firm of Frans Buffa & Zonen, of Amsterdam, Holland, containing a list of titles of some seventy pictures and sketches by Evert Pieters, which are now on exhibition in their gallery. As Pieters is one of the strongest of the present day Dutch painters, an extended account of his work will appear later in these pages.

The Messrs. Kruger & Cie. of The Hague, Holland, have sent out a list of paintings they have on exhibition at their gallery, which is of great importance. The names of the artists represented are: Weissenbruch, Josef Israels, Neuhuys, de Bock, Gabriel, Poggenbeek, Blommers, Bastert, Tholen, Bosboom, W. Roelofs, Sr., Wm. de Zwart, C. P. Gruppé, Bauffe, C. van de Windt, B. Schregel, C. Dankmeyer and others.

There have recently come to light some extraordinarily valuable specimens of musical manuscripts which are arousing great interest. The Leipzig antiquarian,

Karl W. Hiersemann, lately announced that he had for sale the original manuscript of Beethoven's Waldstein Sonata (opus 53) at a price of 44000 marks. There is probability that its sale may be reported soon.

Meanwhile the same antiquarian has placed another manuscript on sale, which by reason of its age and completeness, is said to be a work whose duplicate in bibliographic value it would be difficult to find. This is the parchment manuscript "Breviarium Benedictinum Completum" which was in use in a South German Benedictine cloister of the Tenth Century. The work contains a very careful presentation of the melodies, responses and antiphones for the different hours of service throughout the year, all presented in the neume system, without lines, the system that was in common use from Seventh to the Eleventh Centuries. The hymnal pages are accompanied by all the scriptural lessons, orations and dogmatical requirements of that time.

Christen Dan Magelson, the sailor sculptor of Norway, has re-discovered the material used for moulding by the sculptors of ancient Greece, and it is said that it will soon revolutionize the methods now used in this art, although all good sculptors will doubtless have to be "shown."